A SERMON AT THE FUNERAL OF THE HIGH & MIGHTY *PRINCE*, *HENRY* De La TOUR D' AUVERGNE, Vicount of TURENNE, Mareschal General of FRANCE; Colonel General of the LIGHT HORSE, and Governour of the Upper and Lower *LIMOSIN*.

Preach'd *December* 15, 1675.

By *CLAUDE FRANCIS*, MINISTRIER.

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2 Sam. 3. 32, 33, 38.

——*And all the People wept.*
And the King lamented, and said, Died he as a Fool dieth?
——*Know ye not that there is a Prince and a Great Man fallen this day in* Israel?

'Tis the Death of *Abner* General of the Army, whom *David* lamented so. 'Tis in the Heb. שר which signifies the *Princpal Man*; and in the Greek ἡγέμων & μέγας, the *great Captain.*

WHen I obſerve theſe Walls hung with Mourning, and the profound ſilence which attends this mournful Ceremony, I ſee plainly, *Gentlemen*, that you are aſſembled here to mix your tears with the tears of all *France*, and I conceive my ſelf to be but the interpreter of your grief. But when I caſt my eyes upon the *Trophies* which attend the Corps, and upon thoſe marks of Grandeur which preſent to our ſight a kind of *Triumph* in the midſt of the very *Shades of Death*, I am ſenſible that you come not here barely to weep at the remembrance of a *Hero*

we ſo lately loſt; the memory of *Heroes* requires ſomewhat more than this. To the demonſtrations of an univerſal affliction, we ſhould add publick Elogies, and apparent ſigns of our particular veneration; a weak, but a due acknowledgment of what they merit of us.

How happy ſhould I be, *Gentlemen*, if being choſen this day to publiſh the *Encomiums* of ſo great a man, I was but able to expreſs one part of your thoughts, and but in ſome meaſure to repreſent an *Idea* of what you your ſelves conceive of his worth! But how is it poſſible, but to omit ſomething in the infinite number of matters which offer themſelves in a croud to my Fancy? How can I confine within the narrow Bounds of a Diſcourſe, the *Elogium* of a Perſon whoſe Glory fills the whole Earth? 'Tis rare to ſee a mans Wit upon ſuch an occaſion, to reach the Sentiments of his Mind: And this am I moſt abundantly ſenſible of, being now to ſpeak the *Elogium* of *Monſieur de Turenne*.

When I call to mind the wonderful number of great Actions which he has done, my eyes are dazled, and my Fancy is at a loſs. As I know not where for to begin, I ſee not where to end. If his *Military Virtues* ſurprize me, his

Chriſtian

Chriſtian Virtues raviſh me. If I contemplate him as a *Great Hero in War*, I look upon him likewiſe as *Great a Hero in Chriſtianity*; and in the midſt of that admiration, which ſo many *Virtues*, ſo many *Great Actions*, ſo many *Miracles* both of *Wiſdom* and *Valour*, occaſion, I muſt ſay with the Prophet, Know ye that he whom we lament, was one of the greateſt and wiſeſt Captains in his Age? *Num ignoratis quoniam Princeps & Maximus cecidit?* Great by the ſplendor of his *Birth*, and his *Immortal Actions*; but greater yet in the ſight of God, by the *Innocence* of his *Life*. 'Tis this laſt Virtue, which makes the Praiſes of *Heroes* to be allowed of in Holy Places; for without it, methinks, Cuſtom could not have introduc'd *Funeral Ceremonies* to any other end, but to flatter the living by the *Elogiums* of the dead.

An non proprius virtutum nitor ſplendorem armorum illuſtravit? Caſſiod. *ep.* 5. var.

Mors mater mœroris uſurpatur ad gloriam. Bern. *Serm.* 26. *in* Cant.

But a thought ſo little Chriſtian-like, could never poſſeſs the mind of that Prince, who has caus'd the paying of theſe Devoirs to the Memory of his Uncle, and who is now as Noble by the Purple with which the Church hath honoured him, as by the Splendor of his Birth. He deſigns not here, to ſhew how great he was born, but to teſtifie his Piety. Let us endeavour then to imitate him in ſo holy a Deſign, and let us not ſo much admire all the other

The Cardinal of Bouillon.

Non tam clari ſanguinis colore, quam virtutum ſucco hujus veſtimenta purpuraſcunt. D. Ambr. in *Hexam.*

Virtues of *Monſieur* de *Turenne*, as that alone, which is able to render him acceptable in the eyes of the Sovereign Lord of all things.

If true it is, that Nature gives in the Blood the firſt diſpoſitions to Courage, who ever had by Birth greater diſpoſitions to Virtue, than the Prince whom we are now ſpeaking of? The glorious Blood which deſcended to him from his Anceſtors, was, as 'twere, the original Source of his *Heroick Valour*. He is deſcended from a Houſe, whoſe Royal Alliances have communicated to his Anceſtors by fifteen Princeſſes all the Greatneſs of all the Soveraign Powers in *Europe*. He is deſcended in a direct and Male Line from the Ancient Sovereign Counts of *Auvergne*, Dukes of *Aquitane*, true Heir both to the Virtue and Glory of thoſe Princes, who were the Wonders of their ſeveral Ages.

Fuſtel's Hiſt. of the Houſe of *Auvergne.*

A Birth ſo advantageous did inſpire into him from his very Infancy a ſtrong deſire to imitate, nay, to ſurpaſs the great examples, which they had left him. He began to bear Arms at an Age when he had not as yet ſtrength to manage them. The memory only of ſo many Glorious actions which thoſe of his Family had done, did put him upon great things; but the reputation in Arms, which the Prince

Penè adoleſcens Gloriæ maturitatem occupavit. Plin. *epiſt. l.* 4.

of

of *Orange*, his Unkle by the Mothers ſide, had gained, did yet more vigorouſly excite him to deſerve a ſhare in his Conqueſts. He made the firſt Eſſayes of his Valour under that Prince, and learning there to obey, he was ſoon qualified to command. 'Twas his own deſire to paſs all the degrees before he arriv'd to that great Command of a General; in all which different Employes, he acquitted himſelf moſt honourably. To gain that profound underſtanding, in which he did outvie all other Captains, he was in perſon in threeſcore ſeveral Sieges, and ſix ſet Battels, before that he commanded in Chief His Majeſties Armies. What he did upon every of thoſe occaſions, do very well merit *Elogiums*; but his Actions ſince he was a General, carry ſo much of Splendor and Glory with them, that a man cannot fix his eyes upon what preceded.

Let us omit then all the teſtimonies of Valour and Prudence, which he gave before *Caſal*, at *Turin*, at *Quiers*, at the paſſage of the *Po* near *Montcallier*, at *Rouſillon*, in *Lorrain*, and in many other places, which I do not mention, becauſe I would not diſtract your Fancy with the almoſt infinite multitude of his private actions. Let us make a little ſtop at the marvellous effects of his Courage, when being

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ſent to command the Army of the Mareſhal *de Guebriant*, which the Death of ſo ſage a Commander had diſſipated, he re-eſtabliſhed it in a very little time, and put it in ſo good a condition, that ſoon after it made that famous Conqueſt of *Fribourg*, to which he himſelf did in no ſmall meaſure contribute; if you will take the judgment of that great Prince, who then commanded the *French* Troops. He ſo well knew how to improve this Succeſs of our Arms, that all the neighbouring parts had a perfect dread of him; and in one *Campagne* only, what by the ſwiftneſs of his Victories, what by the defeating of four great Generals, and what by the taking of Eight or Ten Towns, he did conſtrain the *Emperor* to conclude at *Munſter* that Peace which was ſo much for the Glory of *France*, and did ſecure the repoſe and quiet of our Allies. But ſcarce had theſe great Succeſſes given us hopes of forcing *Spain* to comply with this Peace, but thoſe hopes were entirely blaſted by a Civil War, which was near tearing the very Bowels of our Kingdom, in that very inſtant that 'twas riſing to the higheſt proſperity.

The Prince of Conde, *then Duke* d' Enguien.

Is it not poſſible to bury theſe troubles in oblivion? Why ſhould the Glory of our

Heroe

Heroe be mixt with our misfortunes? But We ſhould do wrong to his memory, if in taking no notice of our Diſorders, we ſhould omit to mention the moſt important Services which he then performed for his Prince, and his immortal Actions at *Villeneuve*, S. *George*, at *Gergeau*, at *Bleneau*, and many other places, where both his Valour and Prudence did appear with the greater ſplendor, for that he had to deal with the greateſt Captains in that Age; for without hazarding any thing, in a Conjuncture ſo perilous to the State, he knew (if a man may ſay ſo) how to force Victory to follow him, and to attend upon the honeſt party: Which did oblige one of the braveſt Queens that *France* ever had, to ſay of him what is higher than all our *Panegyricks*, to wit, that *Monſieur* de TURENNE *had three ſeveral times preſerved the Crown to the King her Son.* Theſe very Services occaſioned the greateſt Monarch in the world, as he was paſſing by one of thoſe places not long ſince, to ſay, *Here is that place where* Monſieur de TURENNE *ſav'd both my State and my Perſon.* Is there any Subject that can boaſt of a Glory which parallels this? What ſatisfaction is it to a man, to ſee his Merit crown'd by the acknowledgment of a King, who is himſelf the wonder of the World? A recompence

pence worthy of ſo matchleſs fidelity. How often have we ſeen him, with the Remains of an Army that has been either defeated or diſſipated, to repair the faults of others, to revenge himſelf of Fortune, to make up to the Enemy victoriouſly, and to force from them thoſe Spoils which they but juſt before had taken? A General ſhould of himſelf ſee all things, and penetrate into Futurities, while his Army diſcerns nothing but what is preſent and directly before their eyes. If he be not a Soul to that great Body, if he doth not regulate their Movings, if he be not at the ſame time every where, and if he underſtands not how to retrieve the moſt unfortunate Accidents, he runs the Riſque of loſing entirely his Reputation, how ſucceſsful ſoever he hath been in preceding *Campagnes*. But obſerve upon ſuch occaſions, the Air, the Diſpoſition and the Manners of the *Hero* we now are ſpeaking of. He had not only Courage and Wiſdom himſelf, but he could inſpire them into others. Thoſe that were under his Conduct, he could make them both wiſe and valiant. His Souldiers never counted the number of their Enemies; they out-brav'd the illneſs of Seaſons, Fatigues, and Dangers. Equally bold and wiſe in all that he undertook; he was never miſtaken in his

his apprehenſions, never at a loſs in his Conduct or Commands. In one of his actions, you might ſee all that Parts, Courage, Experience and Reſolution could contribute; conducting all things to their ends, with as much Judgment, as Addreſs and Vigor. All his Orders, all his Words, all his Steps were ſo many admirable Leſſons both of Wiſdom and Valour. In the midſt of the mightieſt Succeſſes, ſuſpecting Dame Fortune, he foreſaw every thing, and provided againſt all things, reflections upon things paſt never diminiſhing his Valour. As ſoon as ever he advanc'd into his Enemies Territories, he was thoughtful to ſecure his retreat upon occaſion, but never declin'd any thing which in prudence could have been executed. By his wiſe Conduct, how oft hath he ſhewn, that the number of Souldiers was not always the main ſtrength of an Army, that the advantage of ground was not at all times an advantage; that there was an art to conquer numerous Armies with but a ſmall handful of men; that Ingenuity might render the very incommodiouſneſs of places uſeful? How many times have we ſeen him by his preſence only, keep off a Deluge of Nations, which were coming thundering upon our Frontiers?

He was acquainted with the art of diſappointing all their Projects, and would retrieve affairs in ſuch Conjunctures where you would judge him abandon'd of all manner of ſuccor: For though his Wiſdom never truſted Fortune with any thing where he could be ſecure, yet never did man dare more, or puſh his Enterprizes farther, when he found a neceſſity of relying upon Chance, and of betaking himſelf to raſh attempts, which are often attended with great Succeſſes, and ſometimes are the effect both of Wiſdom and Conduct. By this means, he did acquire ſo much eſteem and reputation amongſt his Soldiers, that he found them not only full of obedience, but full of deſire, of zeal, of paſſion, of tranſport to follow his Orders. When he undertook any great thing, they who were engag'd in it with him, did ſubmit themſelves with all manner of reſpect to his Commands, and never doubted the event under the Conduct of that Chief, whoſe reputation alone had no few times effected greater things than the ſtrength of Armies.

'Twas of him, that the great King, whoſe Conduct and Valour at this day are moſt juſtly admir'd by all *Europe*, the true Heir of the *Charlemagnes* and Holy *Lewis*, did deſire

ſire to learn the great Art of War. What progreſs did ſo marvellous a Scholar make preſently under ſuch a Maſter! He was ſoon able to dictate to himſelf Leſſons, how to conquer and ſubdue the moſt renowned Captains. In a little time, had he need of nothing but his own *Genius*, to overthrow his Enemies, to paſs Rivers, take Towns, and give Laws to every thing. *Monſieur* de TURENNE knew well how to ſecond him in that glorious ſwiftneſs. Victory never left him; his Winter-quarters were Marches and Attaques, his Encampments Fights and Battels, his Retreats Victories, his Delays Enterprizes, his very Repoſe Action. Triumph ſucceeded Triumph; he did that in one *Campagne*, which another would have found hard to do in a great many Ages. Let *Greece* and old *Rome* ſpend their Titles and *Elogiums* in favour of thoſe Worthies they gave birth to; let them ſtile them the *Terror of Kings and Nations*, *Thunderbolts*, and *Gods of War*, *Takers of Towns*, *Pillars of the State*, *Defenders of their Liberty*. All theſe *Elogiums* are due to the Glory of *Monſieur* de TURENNE; and we are obliged to engrave them upon his Tomb, as the juſt Monuments of our acknowledgment. His Troops had a general confidence

Φόβος, βελῶν Ἀγαμέμνων. Pauſan.

Duo Fulmina Belli Scipiadæ. 6 Æneid.

Liberatori Reipublicæ, Fundatorique quietis. Inſcript. in arcu Conſtantini.

in him, which could not have been acquired by an Underſtanding leſs profound than his. That Virtue never deſerted him in the midſt of the greateſt dangers. He judged of all the Events of War with that penetrating eye, and with that certainty, that at the opening of a *Campagne*, he would make you a Model of all his own Deſigns, and would foreſee to all thoſe of his Enemies. He knew all the Poſts that they could take. He prevented their Motions, he divin'd all their Wiles and Stratagems, and pretending to be ignorant of them, he caught them in the very Snares they laid for him.

This has he done ſeveral times in theſe two laſt *Campagnes*, when all the Powers of the Empire in Arms againſt us, having made an imaginary Diviſion of our Provinces, did croſs the *Rhine* with ſeventy thouſand men, thinking to ſwallow up with their multitude the ſmall number of Troops we had in *Alſatia*, for the ſecuring our Frontiers. But *Monſieur* de *Turenne* was at the Head of that ſmall handful. What does that great man do? He preſently takes Poſts ſo advantageous, that the Enemies did never dare to attaque him: He lets that puiſſant Army conſume it ſelf, partly by the miſunderſtanding among the Com-

Commanders, and partly by its want of being well diſciplin'd.

He makes a ſudden March, and falls upon them with ſo much ſurprize and vigour, that he forceth them ſhamefully to repaſs that River, upon whoſe Banks they had form'd the empty projects of their Conqueſts. *River, ſo many times a witneſs of his Glory, was it not hard that thou ſhouldſt be ſo near when he died? And that a fatal Shot ſhould in thy ſight ſnatch him away from the Arms of Victory?* If the juſt regret at a loſs ſo conſiderable, did but permit me to give you a Relation at large of the Actions of this laſt *Campagne*, 'twould be eaſie for me, *Gentlemen*, to ſhew you the Valour and Wiſdom of our *Hero* to be like the ſhining of thoſe Stars, which do caſt the more glittering Light the nearer they are to their Setting. What could I not ſay of the Induſtry and Patience with which he has confounded the Art, the Wiles, and the Underſtanding of the General of the *Imperial* Forces? All his Atchievements were attended with Glorious Events. If he did but enter into *Alſatia*, he drove the Enemies from thence, and retook all the Towns; if he paſs'd the *Rhine*, he created a terror through-

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out *Suabia* and *Franconia*; if he mov'd towards the *Palatinate*, he ſecur'd *Philipsburgh* and the Neighbouring Towns; if he came to the right, he clear'd *Briſac*; he aſſur'd us the Paſſage and Commerce of *Strasburg*; when he went to the left, he every where victorious, every where wiſe, every where ſucceſsful himſelf, did obſerve the Generals of the *Imperial* Troops and Confederate Forces fearful, trembling, diſmayed, and unreſolv'd. In fine, our Enemies aſtoniſh'd at his wiſe Conduct, could not think of him but with a terror mixt with admiration; and they were forc'd to own that he alone was as formidable as his whole Army. The ſame that S. *Ambroſe* ſaid of that Valiant *Machabee*, who dying in the midſt of a Victory, which was due to him alone, was buried among his Triumphs. *Tanto virtutis ſpectaculo defixi hoſtes ſic trepidaverunt, ut impares ſe omnes unius virtuti arbitrarentur.*

Lib. 1. de Offic. c. 40.

You were near ſeeing of him to have triumph'd over all the Forces of the Empire. That glorious day was at hand: He himſelf prevented it. But juſt when that Victory which he ſtep by ſtep had manag'd, could not poſſibly have eſcap'd him, your eyes, your

your mournful eyes did ſee him, and in him our hopes, with one chance ſhot cut off. Nevertheleſs, afflicted as you are, with the extreameſt grief, at the thought of ſo direful an Accident, remember that you have learn'd from this great Man, and from the example of all your Anceſtors, that no mans condition is more glorious, than his, who dies ſhedding his Blood for the Service of his King, and the Honour of his Countrey; more eſpecially when his Death is attended with all thoſe Circumſtances, which Religion and a ſincere Piety require of a Chriſtian *Hero*. For then we may according to the Goſpel, ſay, that it is not barely *honourable*, but *happy*.

This is, *Gentlemen*, the moſt proper Subject of Conſolation that we can propoſe to our ſelves, in caſe of ſo univerſal a Misfortune. In vain have Valour and Wiſdom rais'd the Reputation of thoſe, whoſe Memory we honour, if Piety and all Chriſtian Virtues do not attract the Eyes of Heaven to behold thoſe perſons with favour. The admiration which they get, let it come from what other cauſe it will, is but like a falſe Light which glitters, dazles, diſappears, and

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is loſt for ever in the eternal ſhades of Death. 'Tis Piety, *Gentlemen*, which comprehends in it all other Virtues; and it is upon that Commendation of *Monſieur de Turenne*, that the Character I now bear, the Place I now ſpeak in, and the great things that I have to ſay, do permit me to enlarge.

There is nothing, *Gentlemen*, ſo oppoſite to the Life of a Chriſtian, as a Court-Life, and the noiſe of War. One muſt have a great command of himſelf, if declining the Enchantments of the one, and the Violences of the other, he preſerves his own Innocency; and 'tis that juſt government of a mans ſelf, which makes your true *Heroes*. 'Tis a kind of Prodigy, ſaith the Sacred Oracle, to find Piety there; nay, the very Heathens themſelves have been of opinion, that the converſation of either *Court* or *Camp* was enough to infect all Virtues. Upon theſe Conſiderations, I cannot but admire the *Hero*, whoſe *Funeral Rites* we are now ſolemnizing, as a perſon much the more extraordinary, in regard he was educated in the midſt of the Vanities of the Court, and had ſpent his whole Life in the exerciſe of War, but yet had inviolably preſerved an invin-

Pſal. 70. *Nulla fides pietaſque viris qui caſtra ſequuntur. Exeat Aulâ qui vult eſſe pius.*

invincible ſincerity, amongſt the Intrigues of one, and the Chances of the other. His Reaſon alone, always ſage, always Miſtreſs of his Inclinations, as well as his Thoughts, began to effect in him, what Grace does in the moſt Holy and moſt Religious Souls. Let me behold what part of him I will, I find in him nothing but Prodigies; but upon an equal obſervation, of his *Military and Chriſtian Virtues*, I diſcover in the latter a greater fond of Light, and much a more ſolid Glory. How fondly men deceive themſelves, who ſeek a counterfeit glory in the apparences of your imaginary Grandeurs? Know ye that 'tis Chriſtian Virtue only, which makes our Glory real; that upon the ſight of ſuch Virtue, all other diſappears as the Shadows of the Night before the Light of the Day; and that in the preſence of God none of the Grandeurs of the World remain, but what this Virtue communicates to us. Theſe happy impreſſions were ſo far advanc'd into the Heart of our *Hero*, that he was an Enemy to thoſe vain Paſſions of Intereſt and Falſe Glory, which are Maſters almoſt of all men: The Glory of his King, the Good of the State, and

Filii hominum uſque quò gravi corde? ut quid diligitis vanitatem & quæritis mendacium? Pſal. 4.

how faithfully to pay his Devoirs, were the only Objects of his thoughts.

The Devoirs which men render to Princes, proceed ordinarily from two Sources; either from a diſintereſſed reſpect, where Noble Souls conſider their Prince as the Image of God, whoſe Authority he holds and exerciſes over his Subjects; or from a looſe Principle, which puts Mercenary Souls upon ſacrificing of every thing to the making of their private Fortunes, and to make uſe of Juſtice and Religion purely to ſerve their own Intereſt. How far was *Monſieur de Turenne* from theſe diſſolute Artifices? He made his Duty a kind of Religion; he never appear'd greater, than by contemning all things that Fortune and Intereſt were able to ſupply him with? He contenting himſelf to merit every thing, never ask'd any thing; being of opinion that the eſteem of his Prince, the teſtimony of his Conſcience, and the Glory of having done well, were ſufficient recompences of Virtue. Not knowing how to be idle, he ſcorn'd to flatter Fortune; ſo far was he from offering Incenſe to her, like a great many Mercenary Souls, who make her a Divinity, that he thought it beneath him to court

court her. If ſhe offered to leave him, he forced her to follow him, and to accompany him every where; and ſhew'd that he who has Wiſdom and Courage united, is above her reach. The love of Truth and Juſtice ſo regulated his Actions, his Conduct, and his Thoughts, that he only advis'd with Reaſon and Honour. In fine, I find him in every thing juſt, wiſe, generous, honourable, obliging to his very Enemies, whom he would prefer before his Friends to Offices and Employs, if he judg'd them more worthy.

You, *Gentlemen*, who have been faithful companions to him in his Labours, aud are undeniable witneſſes of his Equity, do know, that as ſenſible as he was of the Amity and Services that were paid him, yet when it was left to him to diſpoſe of the Charges and Preferments, he thought no farther than to perform His Majeſties intentions, and to give Merit its due. His hands were ſo pure and ſo clean, that refuſing the moſt allowable and moſt lawful advantages that War could offer, he never reſerv'd to himſelf any other fruits of his Conqueſts, than the Glory of having done well. He freely gave to his Souldiers, all that a ſucceſſeful *Campagne* could put into their

hands; and loading them with Spoils which he took from the Enemies, he made of them ſo many living Trophies of his Liberality and brave Actions. He was better pleas'd with the Title of a Father to his Soldiers, than with that of a Conqueror; being more ſatisfied to be ſeen in the midſt of them as a partaker of their Fortune, than the ancient Triumphers were amongſt all their pomp, on thoſe feſtival Days when they made their Entry into *Rome* like ſo many Divinities. Our Allies often confiding more in the Faith of his Word, than on the moſt ſolemn Treaties, have continu'd faithful to our Intereſts, without being jealous of our proſperities; for they did aſſure themſelves, that this great man would make uſe of the higheſt advantages for no other purpoſe but the publick good, and that in the moſt lucky ſucceſſes he would have a ſincere moderation. For ſure, *Gentlemen*, true Valour is not an unbridled Paſſion of domineering over every body. 'Tis a Virtue which has its Rules and Motives grounded upon Juſtice, and which follows in every thing the Conduct of Reaſon. 'Tis this moderation, which puts a man upon wiſe Enterprizes, and judicious Wars; without it, the greateſt of men are but

Δεῖ τὴν ὀρμὴν γίνεσθαι ἀπὸ τοῦ λόγου διὰ τὸ καλόν. Ariſt. c. 1. *Mag. Moral.*

but raſh, though they chance to be ſucceſſful. What if they fill the whole world with the noiſe of their Name? What if they conquer Provinces? What if they ſubdue whole Nations? Have they done any more than thoſe Tyrants did, who inſolently attributed to themſelves the Name of the *Scourges of the Almighty*, after that they had ranſackt the whole Earth? The Succeſſes which attend thoſe lucky raſhneſſes, are more due to the Fantaſtick *Caprichio* of Fortune, than to their Valour. If that love of Reputation which emboldens men, if that heat which ſets men a fighting, be not tempered with the love of Juſtice, if it be not regulated by the Laws of Equity, 'tis but a barbarous thirſt after humane Blood, more proper to make Uſurpers than juſt Conquerors.

'Tis that love of Juſtice, which has made our Generous and diſintereſſed Prince appear to you ſo moderate amidſt the moſt fortunate Succeſſes. You, *Gentlemen*, are all well ſatisfied of that great Truth, which a Sacred Oracle hath pronounced, that the nobleſt of Victories is that which a man gains over himſelf; if he would know how to triumph over his Enemies, firſt he ſhould learn how to rule his

Melior est patiens viro forti, & qui dominatur animo suo, expugnatore urbium. Prov. 18. *Minus est, quod à li bellicus labor quàm quod Pax Christiana subjecit.* S. Leo. Serm. in Nat. Apost.

his Passions; and that 'tis more glorious to subdue his own Pride, than to pull down Walls and take Towns. So may I say, that he did never gain a more glorious Victory, than that which rendred him Master of all his Passions, and has so often in the midst of the noise of War, afforded him all the sweetnesses of an inward Peace. He, at the Head of Armies, in the midst of his Conquests, at his return from those wonderful *Campagnes* where he struck astonishment and terror into the remotest parts, did appear humble and modest, and far from adding to the greatness of his Exploits, or suffering it in Sycophants, would scarce endure to hear his true and just praises. When he observ'd others seiz'd with admiration at so great Events, not being able to lessen them in his Discourse without doing wrong to Truth, he would give all the Glory of it to him who is the Author of all good, using these Christian words, *That on such occasions he ought to think of doing his Duty, and 'twas the God of Armies that made a fortunate or unfortunate Success to attend it.*

Will ye not say, *Gentlemen*, that I speak the *Elogium* rather of a Saint than of a Prince or a General of an Army? But what will ye say, when

when I add, that all this is but a ſhadow of his Chriſtian Virtues; and that this Piety, which was the Soul and Principle of all his Actions, was the pure effect of his own natural diſpoſition? Before that he was ſenſible of the impreſſions of Grace, he acted thus.

We can very rarely obſerve in the world perſons advanc'd above others, whether by Fortune, or their own Merit, to be generally beloved, till that they are dead: As if there was a neceſſity to ceaſe to be, or elſe to be unfortunate, for to avoid the aſperſions of Envy. Nevertheleſs, we may ſay, that *Monſieur de Turenne* has conquer'd even Envy it ſelf, in the laſt part of his Life. His Glory was mounted to ſo high a pitch, that one might compare it to the Sun, which when at the higheſt, hardly leaves any ſhadow upon the Earth. He was the object of the Eſteem, of the Love, and of the Veneration of all *Europe*. He was lookt upon as the Prodigy and the Wonder of his Age. Every body ſeem'd tranſported when they talk'd of the greatneſs of his *Genius*, his Labours, his Exploits, his wonderful Succeſſes, and his wiſe Conduct. The Princes both of *Germany* and *Italy* coveted his Picture, and Travellers that came amongſt us, went home ſatisfied

tisfied, when they had ſeen that great man.

Who can ſufficiently expreſs that ardent zeal with which he burn'd for the intereſt of Religion? In the midſt of his Victories, he would be thinking of the Conqueſts of Faith; he form'd the Models and the Deſigns of it; he employed for that purpoſe all his Eſtate, Care and Credit. This man, in whom the whole State repos'd the care of their Frontiers, and the publick ſafety, was as induſtrious in promoting the progreſs of Faith and Religion, as in advancing the progreſs of his Maſters Arms. Shall I be afraid after this, to ſay, that we have not ſeen more zealous or more pure Faith in *Iſrael?* I mean not at Court, where 'tis rare to meet with that ſincere ſubmiſſion to the light of the Goſpel. I mean not in Armies, where Piety does ſo ſeldom appear. I mean in the Sanctuary, amongſt the moſt Holy and Religious Souls. *Amen, dico vobis non inveni tantam fidem in Iſrael.* And, *Gentlemen*, if the Son of God hath thought the Faith of a Captain a fit Subject for his *Elogiums* and Admirations, ſure we have no reaſon then to refuſe the paying of the juſt tribute of Praiſe to the Piety and Zeal of *Monſieur de Turenne*, which is the only recompence that he can receive from us.

Matth. 8.

The

The Reputation and Glory of his Arms, never made him forget his Duty to God. He worſhipped him as the only Author of his Triumphs; and duly every Morning offered to him his Spirit and his Heart, as the Victims of his Faith and Obedience. The Sacrifices of the Spirit and the Heart are the moſt agreeable Sacrifices that we can make to the Almighty. We diſcharge our ſelves of theſe Duties by Faith and Religion. Faith is the Sacrifice of the Spirit, and Piety the Sacrifice of the Heart; and if one of theſe Sacrifices be a ſincere reſignation of our Spirit to the Spirit of God, who is the Soveraign Underſtanding, and the primitive Truth; the other is a voluntary offering of all the Motions of our heart to the orders of his Providence. 'Tis to the Piety and to the Faith of *Monſieur de Turenne*, that we owe theſe great Succeſſes, which ſo many perſons have attributed to his Valour and his prudent Conduct. He was at the ſame time both the *Moyſes* and the *Joſhua* of his Army; he both charged the Enemy in the Field, and pray'd to Heaven too to bleſs his party with Victory. One might ſay of his Camp, as of thoſe Heavenly Troops which came to the ſuccor of *Jacob*, that 'twas *Exod.* 27.

Castra Dei sunt hæc. Gen. 32. 2.

the Camp of God; for he had purged his Army of those Debaucheries that are committed in others; and had established there a due Worship and publick Prayers. He was in his Tent, as those ancient Patriarchs, who encamping under their Pavilions, look'd upon this Life but as a place of passage, which they were always ready to leave. In the midst of his Victories, and his greatest Successes, he would be vehemently desiring of Heaven, and solitary in his Tent, after that he had given his Orders for the securing his Camp, he in the midst of the noise of his Army would be making of his inward peace, and conversing with the Almighty. 'Tis thou alone, *Great God!* that canst effect in the World such surprizing Prodigies. They are the effects of thy Grace and thy Mercy. Thou selects Souls brought up in the tumults of War, to make them patterns of Virtue and Holiness. Thy Goodness makes them sensible of the Divine beams of Grace, to confound the dissolute Notions of those who think War and Piety to be inconsistent. This man, who always liv'd at Court, and in Armies, where Virtue is so little acquainted, and holy matters so much slighted, did die the best of Christians. 'Tis the

Christus milites suos quos in personam Ducis, attollit inter acies quærit. Ennod. *orat. di tenda Maximo.*

the thought of this, *Gentlemen*, which removes all our fears. Though his Death was ſudden, yet he was not unprovided; and I may ſay of him, what the Divine Apoſtle ſaid of an ancient Patriarch who was ſnatch'd away in a Whirlwind, that his Conſcience and his Piety bore him witneſs that he was acceptable to God. *Ante tranſlationem enim teſtimonium habuit placuiſſe Deo.* Gen. 5. Ad Heb. 11.

But how can a man keep from ſhedding of tears at the remembrance of ſo direful a death? Our *Hero* now ceaſes to be, and there remains with us nothing but empty Aſhes, and a Name pleaſing in our Ears. Glory, Grandeur, Authority, Eſteem, Reputation, are ye all ſo inconſiderable, as not to be able to prevent *Heroes* from dying like the moſt vulgar ſort of men?

Methinks, *Gentlemen*, this is the Fatal Moment that we receiv'd the News of the Death of that great man. The Conſternation then was univerſal, and our Grief was a long while before it had power to break its ſilence, and open a paſſage for our Sighs. The general Aſtoniſhment which ſuch doleful Tidings did diſperſe throughout all *France*, made us ſenſible of the greatneſs of our loſs, before we had leiſure to think of the miſchievous Con-

ſequences it might make us dread. The tears of the whole Army, the cries and mourning of the Souldiers, and the concern they ſhew'd to revenge his death, though at the expence of their own lives, did ſufficiently demonſtrate that they had loſt their Father as well as their General. Ye ſad, but glorious Remains of that great man, Aſhes of his Body half burnt with that Thunderbolt which ſnatcht him from amongſt his Triumphs, go ye and receive the laſt Honours, and the juſt Marks of the grief, of the eſteem, and of the ſenſe of the greateſt of Kings. The Tomb which is to encloſe you, what glorious Titles does it bear of ſo many brave Actions? Go and divide this Honour amongſt thoſe great Captains, whom Valour, Wiſdom and Piety did ſo much diſtinguiſh in their Life-times, that they remain yet diſtinguiſhed ſince their Deaths, by thoſe proud Monuments, which the Magnificence of our Monarchs has caus'd to be erected for them, in the Temple appointed for the Burial of Kings. But, *Gentlemen*, might not this Prince hope for a more ſolid recompence of his Labours, than the Glory of a vain Tomb? So many wonderful Actions, are they not able to procure him a further advantage, than a cold Marble

Alphonſe de Brenne. Bertrand du Gueſcline. Lewis de Sancerre, Lewis de Evereux, Arnaud de Barbavan, Guillaume du Chaſtel, buried at S. *Denis.*

Marble deck'd with the Adornments of Vanity? Then he might ſay with the moſt afflicted and the wiſeſt of Kings; that *nothing would remain of him but a Magnifick Silence, a vain Oſtentation of* Elogiums *and Specious Titles to cover the emptineſs of his Tomb.* *Dormiens ſilerem & ſomno meo requieſcerem cum Regibus & Conſulibus Terræ, qui ædificant ſibi Solitudines.* Job 3. 14. They are but *Solitudes*, that the Powers of the Earth build in erecting of Tombs, ſince that their Glory and Grandeur accompany not the Perſons, and there remains nothing of them but dumb Shadows. *Monſieur de Turenne* has thought of a more ſolid Glory. He entred ſo often into the boſom of Eternity in his wiſe reflections, he was ſo often rais'd above the pitch of thoſe fooliſh *Idea's* with which vain men are pleas'd, that I dare to ſay, that his Soul has acquir'd an eternal happineſs, by the Innocence of his Life, and the Holineſs of his Manners. He might have lived longer for the Glory of *France*, for the Repoſe of the People, for the Reputation of our Arms, and for the Security of our Frontiers. But what could he have added to his own Glory? Go then, *Generous Soul!* go, and enjoy that profound peace which you have

have ſo vehemently deſired. You have ſought it already in the midſt of the great ſucceſſes of a *Campagne* ſo glorious, and you have made haſte to ſecure the repoſe of *France*, that you might entirely apply your ſelf to the thoughts of Eternity in the peaceable repoſe of a more quiet Life. But in the very inſtant that your wiſhes were upon being perfectly fulfill'd, you met with Death in the boſom of Glory. Our Enemies themſelves did commend you, at the ſame time that we lamented you. Both *Rome* and *Vienna* paid you the Devoirs of Eſteem and Piety, when *Paris* rendred you the Devoirs of their Acknowledgments. Our Churches, our Sanctuaries, the Tribunals of Juſtice, the Circles, the Academies, and the Publick Oratories have rung with your Praiſes; both Proſe and Verſe have conſecrated the remembrance of your glorious Actions in all the polite Languages. They have ſaid the very ſame things of you throughout all *Europe*, as have been ſaid throughout all *France*. From the moment of his Death, all our Joys have been changed into Torrents of Tears; our publick Acclamations, into a ſorrowful Silence; and our Songs of Victory and Triumph, into moſt lamentable Sighs. To conclude,

Pretioſa Mors hæc quæ emit immortalitatem pretio ſanguinis Cypr. Epiſt. 9.

Quam opinionem nemo unquam mortalium aſſequi potuit ſine eximia virtutis gloria. Aug. *l.* 3. *De Civ. Dei. c.* 15.

conclude, the People have mourn'd, and the King Himſelf hath ſhed tears, and that incomparable Monarch did make the beſt *Elogium* that could be made of your Glory, when he publickly ſaid, *that we had loſt the wiſeſt Captain, and the Chief man in this Age. Flevit omnis Populus, plangénſque Rex, & lugens ait, Nequaquam ut mori ſolent ignavi mortuus eſt. Num ignoratis quoniam Princeps, & Maximus cecidit?* Not being able to add to this *Elogy*, which has proceeded from the mouth of Two great Kings, I hold my peace, and leave to Hiſtory the care of making the *Panegyrick*, and communicating to Poſterity the Wonders of this *Heroe*.

FINIS.